

LN

CRIME

**THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!**

SMASHERS



featuring:

**SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE**

MYRON FASS

CRIME CAN'T PAY IN ANY WAY



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CRIME

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SMASHERS

CONTENTS

DAN TURNER—HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

Story by **ROBERT L. BELLEM**

Drawn by **ANTHONY TALLARICO**

A strange and baffling murder takes place right on the sound stage during the filming of a feature picture. The mystery seems insoluble until Turner, Hollywood's ace sleuth, gets his brain and brawn working on the enigmatic killing.

SALLY THE SLEUTH

Story by **RAY McCLELLAND**

Drawn by **PIERRE CHARPENTIER**

Once a crook is sent to the electric chair, the case is usually considered closed, but when Rocky Logan sits in the "hot seat" and justice takes its toll, Sally and her boss are amazed to find that the case is tougher than ever.

GAIL FORD—GIRL FRIDAY

Story by **JOHN C. MITCHELL**

Drawn by **BILL FRACCIO**

People don't ordinarily go around smashing busts of Homer, and committing a murder each time. Gail is only Inspector Madson's secretary but her aid is invaluable in helping him break a very peculiar series of puzzling homicides.

STUCK WITH MURDER

By **KEVIN BLAKE**

The girl only asked for a pack of cigarettes and when I stepped into the store to get them for her, I walked into as neat a frame as a private eye ever encountered. It took a lucky break to get me out of this jam and square myself all around.

RAY HALE—NEWS ACE

Story by **WILLIAM GREW**

Drawn by **HENRY C. KIEFER**

A gang of vicious thugs seeks to fix the big baseball game and all the forces of law and order combine to stop the crooked crew. But when two shots suddenly ring out across the diamond, you'll be surprised whose finger pulled the trigger!

Cover Drawing by **MYRON FASS**

C.R.M. 8 57.75/11/65/15

DAN TURNER.

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE



THE BITTER GIRL MAKES A SUDDEN MOVE.....

HELP!

SHE'S GOT A KNIFE!!!

OH, NO YOU DON'T, SIS!

YOU CHISELED ME OUT OF THE STARRING ROLE IN "PERILOUS PUPPETS" BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO PLAY IT!



ENRAGED BY JEALOUSY, SUE VOSPER TRIES TO STAB KITTY, BUT TURNER DISARMS HER.....

BE GOOD, OR I'LL GET ROUGH AND FORGET YOU'RE A LADY!!

LET ME GO, YOU SNOOP!

A LITTLE MAN JOINS THE MIX-UP.....

I AM VOSPERO, THE PUPPET-MASTER. SUE IS MY DAUGHTER. SHE HAS A VIOLENT TEMPER BUT I'LL HANDLE HER.

OKAY-TAKE HER OUT AND CALM HER DOWN.

WHEW! THAT COULD HAVE BEEN A NASTY MESS!

I'M SCARED, DAN. SUE MAY STILL TRY TO HARM ME!

LATER, SAM BEALE, THE PICTURE'S DIRECTOR, HIRES TURNER TO GUARD KITTY CRANE.....

I'LL PAY YOU A GRAND TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR KITTY'S SAFETY!

YOU'VE HIRED YOURSELF THE BEST STRONGARM IN HOLLYWOOD.

I LOVE KITTY. I'D KILL ANYONE WHO TRIED TO HARM HER.

YOU NEEDN'T CROAK SUE VOSPER. I'LL KEEP HER FROM PULLING ANYTHING.

I HEARD IT ALL! SO YOU LOVE KITTY! HOW ABOUT YOUR ENGAGEMENT TO ME?

SORRY, SUE. THAT'S ALL FINISHED!!



YOU'LL NEVER MARRY KITTY CRANE EXCEPT OVER MY DEAD BODY!

MAYBE THAT'S AN IDEA!

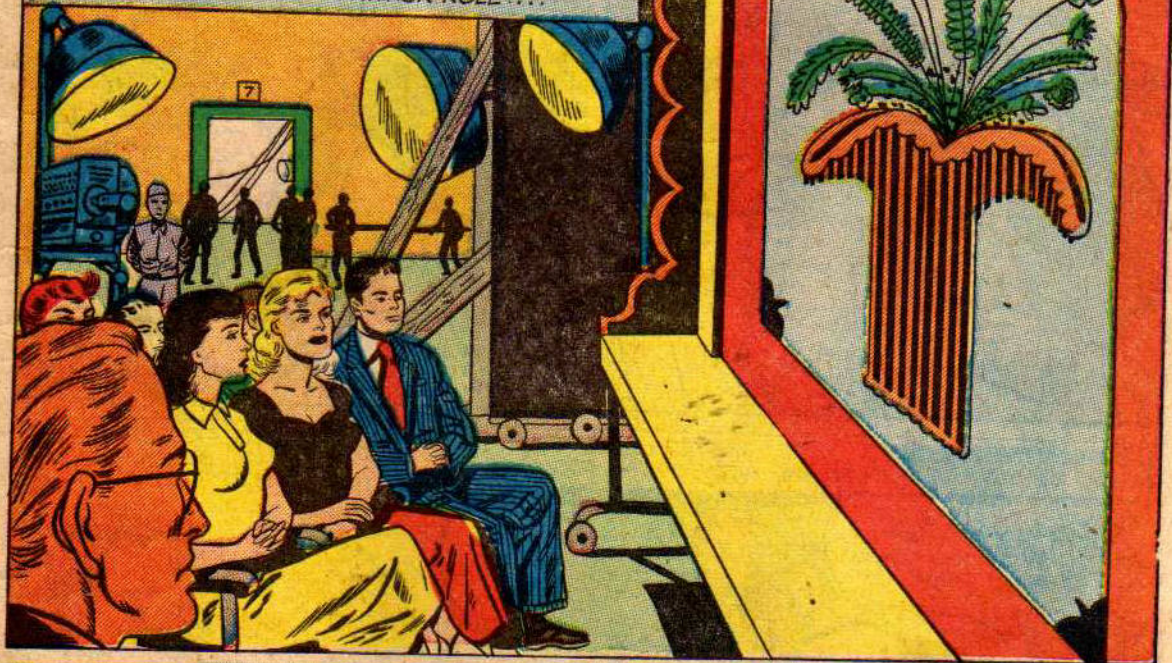


AFTER SUE HAS FURIOUSLY DEPARTED....

I HAD TO BREAK WITH SUE, SHE'S A WILDCAT. SHE'S A TROUBLE-MAKER.

YEAH-BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE THREATENED TO BUMP HER!

PRESENTLY, THE MOVIE'S BIG PUPPET-SHOW SCENE IS READY TO BE SHOT ON SOUND STAGE 7. KITTY CRANE, STAR OF THE OPUS, SITS IN A MAKE-BELIEVE AUDIENCE OF EXTRA PLAYERS WITH THE JEALOUS SUE YOSPER BESIDE HER IN A MINOR ROLE....



DAN TURNER WATCHES FROM BEHIND THE CAMERA....

I HOPE NOTHING GOES HAYWIRE....

LIGHTS--!
CAMERA--!
ROLL 'EM!!!

THE SCENE STARTS.....



WHAT
THE-!

EE-EEE-EEEK!
HELP! STOP THE SCENE!
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH SUE VOSPER!



DEAD AS A FRIED OYSTER!
A POISONED NEEDLE-DART
ENTERED HER LEFT GLIM!!



DID YOU SHOVE THE BARB
IN HER OPTIC, KIDDO?

NO!
OH...HH....!!
NO!!



SUDDENLY, THE HUNCHBACK PUPPET-MASTER LEAPS FROM
BEHIND HIS MINIATURE STAGE AND ACCUSES THE DIRECTOR....

SUE WAS MY DAUGHTER
AND NOW SHE'S DEAD! YOU
KILLED HER SO YOU COULD
MARRY KITTY CRANE!

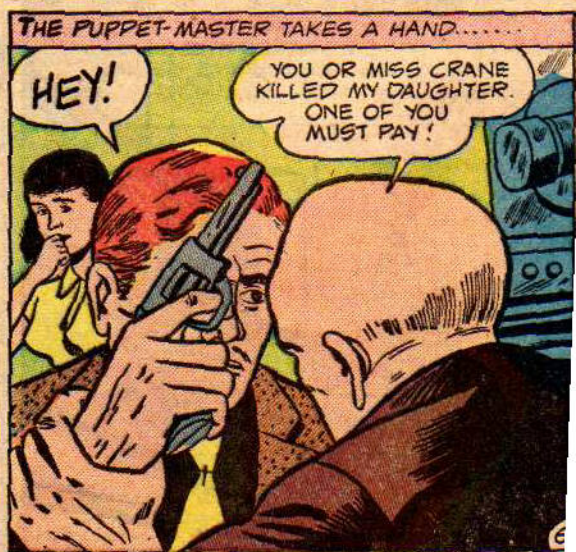
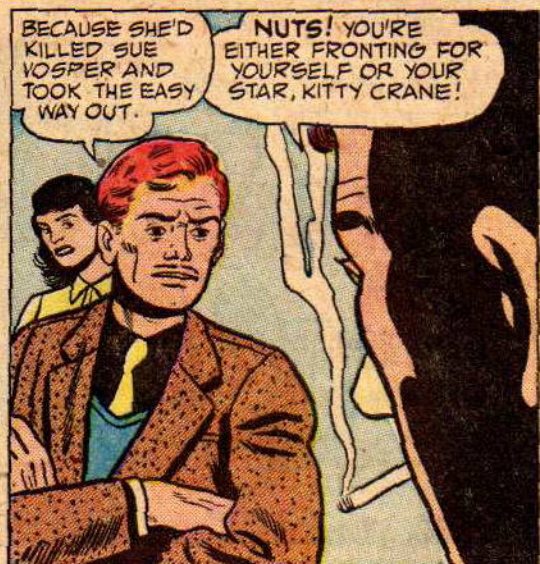
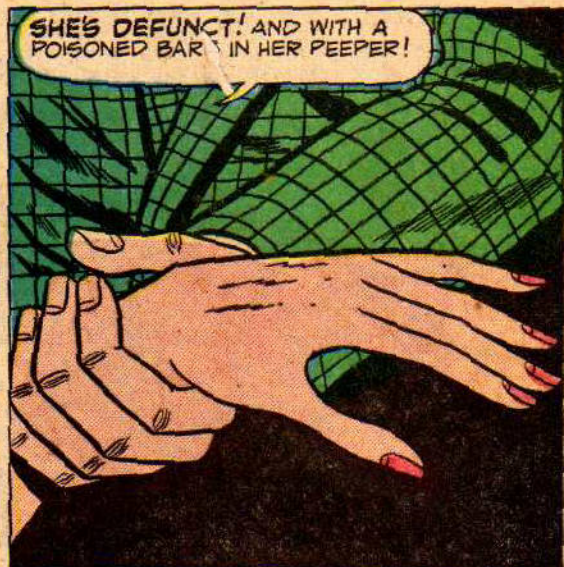
THAT'S
CRAZY
TALK!



EVERYBODY FREEZE
OR I'LL START BLASTING!
THIS IS A COP CASE!







CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING...



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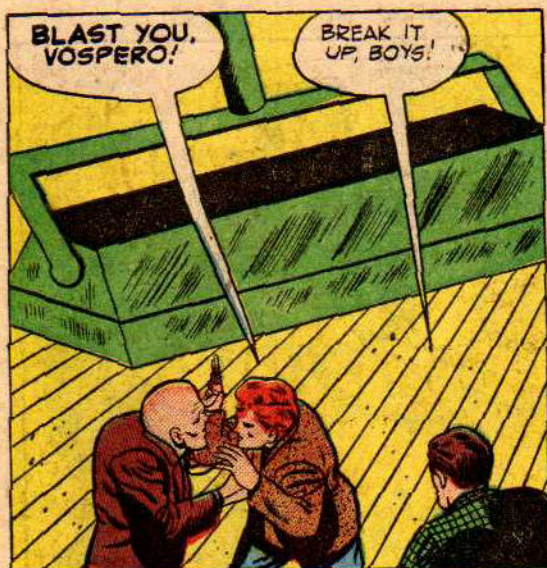
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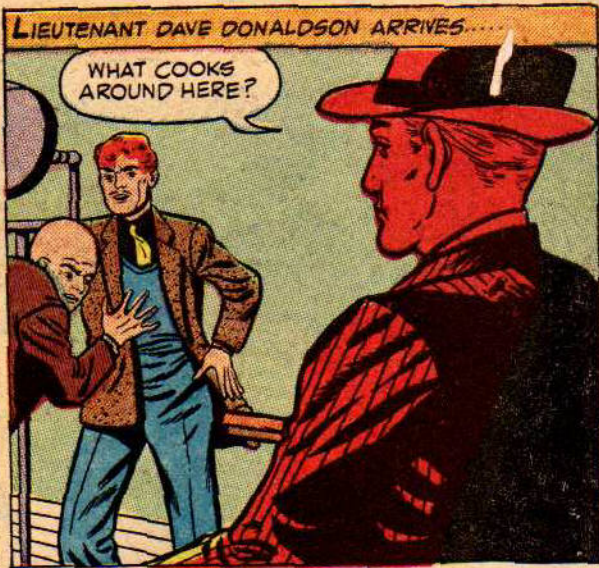
Zone _____ State _____

NAKSTAR



BLAST YOU, VOSPERO!

BREAK IT UP, BOYS!



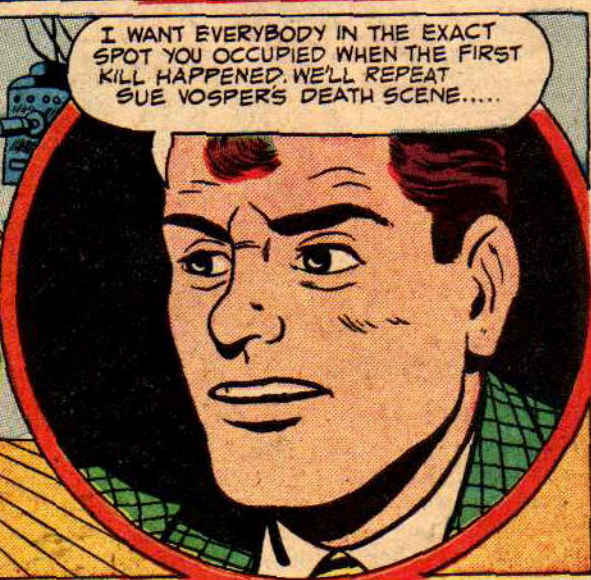
LIEUTENANT DAVE DONALDSON ARRIVES.....

WHAT COOKS AROUND HERE?

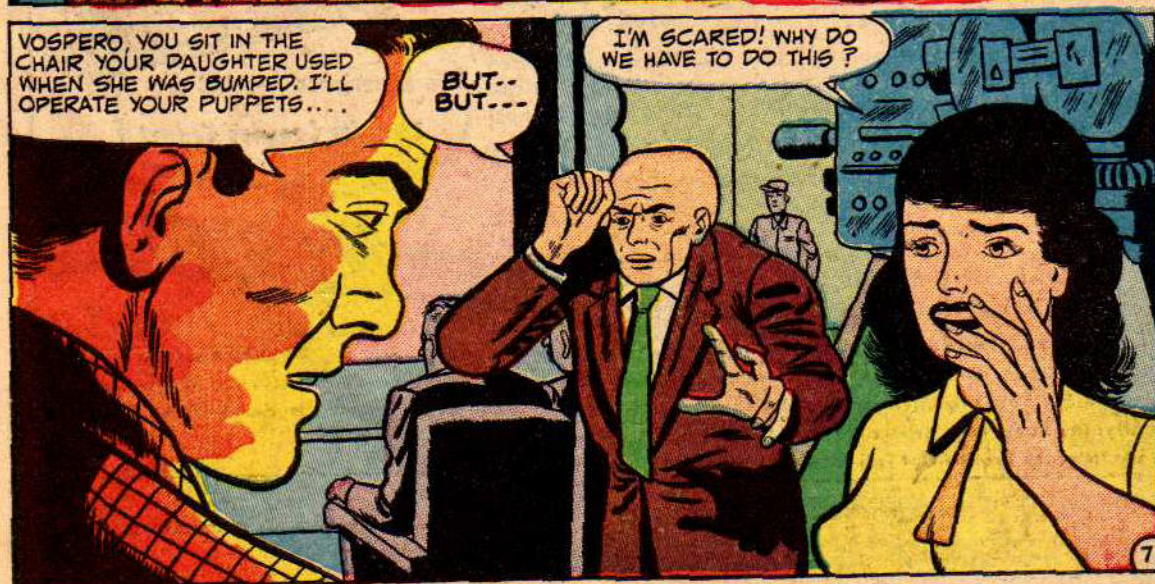


A KILLER'S GOING TO COOK WHEN I MAKE A LITTLE EXPERIMENT!

TH-THIS IS TERRIBLE!



I WANT EVERYBODY IN THE EXACT SPOT YOU OCCUPIED WHEN THE FIRST KILL HAPPENED. WE'LL REPEAT SUE VOSPERS DEATH SCENE.....



VOSPERO, YOU SIT IN THE CHAIR YOUR DAUGHTER USED WHEN SHE WAS BUMPED. I'LL OPERATE YOUR PUPPETS....

BUT-- BUT---

I'M SCARED! WHY DO WE HAVE TO DO THIS?

TURNER GOES BEHIND THE MINIATURE STAGE TO WORK THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW....



VOSPERO SITS TENSELY IN HIS DAUGHTER'S SEAT.....



WHA-WHAT? I CAN'T STAND IT! LET ME OUT! I'LL BE KILLED!



GRAB HIM, DONALDSON! GRAB VOSPERO.... HE'S THE MURDERER!!



YOU RIGGED A PUPPET TO SPIT A DART FROM IT'S KISSER. IT WAS TO CROAK KITTY CRANE, SO YOUR DAUGHTER WOULD GET THE STARRING ROLE.....



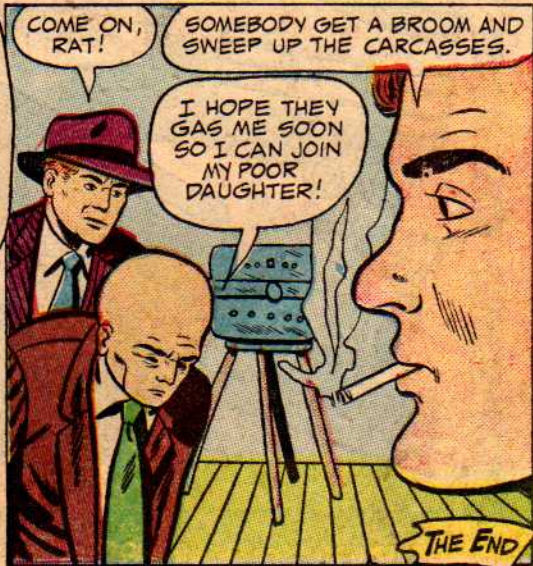
...BUT THE DART WENT HAYWIRE, BUMPED YOUR OWN KID BY MISTAKE. THEN YOU CHILLED THE EXTRA QUAIL TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A SUICIDE CONFESSION. IT WAS EASY TO TRAP YOU BY MAKING YOU THINK A DART WOULD DIG INTO YOUR OWN GLIM!



COME ON, RAT!

SOMEBODY GET A BROOM AND SWEEP UP THE CARCASSES.

I HOPE THEY GAS ME SOON SO I CAN JOIN MY POOR DAUGHTER!



THE END



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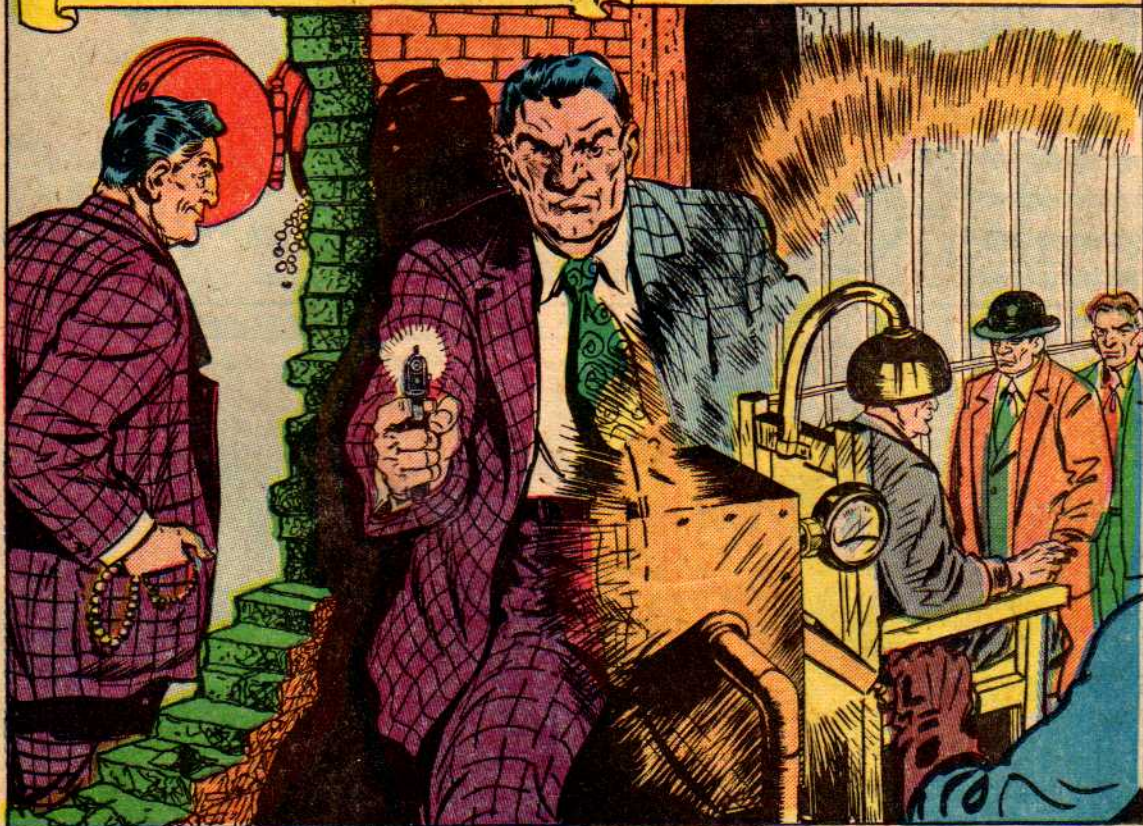
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SALLY *the* SLEUTH

in "BACK FROM THE DEAD"

THE CHIEF, A LEADING PRIVATE EYE, AND HIS PRETTY BLONDE ASSISTANT, SALLY, RELAX AFTER AN EXTREMELY DIFFICULT CASE WHEN THEY RID THEIR CITY OF ROCKY LOGAN, A CLEVER JEWEL THIEF WHO HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO PAY FOR HIS DASTARDLY CRIMES IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...



THE CHIEF READS NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF LOGAN'S STAUNCH DISPLAY OF COURAGE IN THE FACE OF DEATH WITH MARKED SKEPTICISM...

WELL, CHIEF, I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF LOGAN AT LAST.

I DON'T KNOW, SALLY...



THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY HERE. CRIMINALS ARE A COWARDLY LOT, AND ROCKY LOGAN, THE MASTER OF THEM ALL, IS ALSO THE MOST COWARDLY.

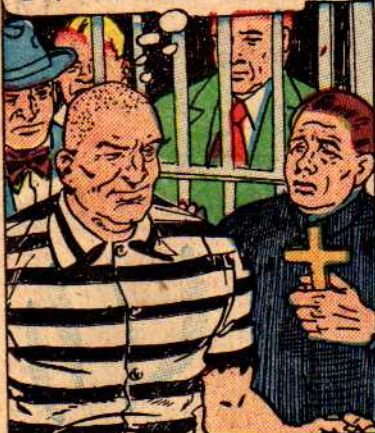


THE CHIEF'S DOUBTS ARE WELL FOUNDED, FOR IN HIS PRISON SOLITUDE, LOGAN REMOVES A SMALL VIAL FROM AN INGENIOUS HIDING PLACE AND QUICKLY DOWNS ITS CONTENTS...



AND SWAGGERING BOLDLY, THE CRIMINAL IS LED TO THE CHAIR...

SO THEY EXPECT ME TO BREAK, EH? I'LL SHOW THEM!



LOGAN'S SHOW OF BRAVADO HOLDS AS THE CURRENT IS TURNED ON...

THE GUY SURE HAS NERVE!

I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT!



NEWSPAPERS EXPLOIT THE COURAGEOUS ENDING WITH SCREAMING HEADLINES...



THE GRUESOME EPISODE COMPLETED, LOGAN'S BODY IS SPED AWAY FROM THE JAIL IN A PRIVATE HEARSE...



THE CHIEF CONFIDES HIS DOUBTS TO INSPECTOR BOLAN...

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY THERE - I'M SURE OF IT!

YOUR FEARS ARE UNFOUNDED. WE HAVE PROVED CONCLUSIVELY THAT THERE WAS NO HITCH IN LOGAN'S EXECUTION -- AND THE FUNERAL WAS ATTENDED BY MYSELF AND OTHER POLICE OFFICIALS.



THEN - A FEW WEEKS LATER...

EXTRA! EXTRA! ALL ABOUT THE BIG JEWEL ROBBERY!

JEWEL ROBBERY? CHIEF, THAT WAS ROCKY LOGAN'S SPECIALTY.

HMM - JUST THE SORT OF JOB HE WOULD PULL!

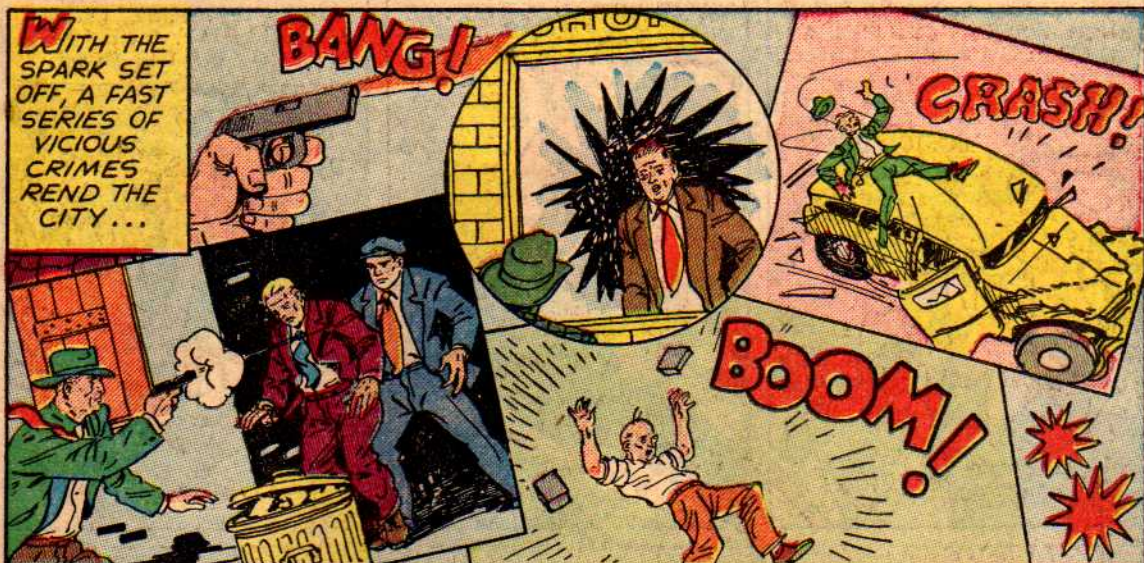


THEY HURRY TO THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY...

LOCK EXPERTLY JIMMIED! NO FINGERPRINTS! ALL THE FEATURES SHOW LOGAN'S TECHNIQUE.

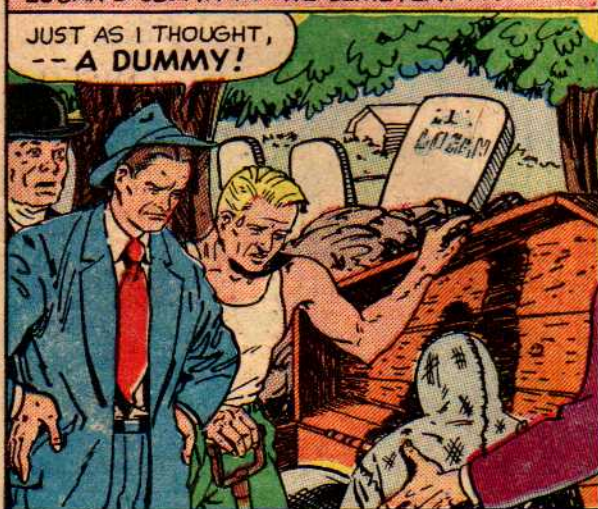
BUT, CHIEF, HE'S DEAD! REMEMBER?





PRODDED BY THE CHIEF, THE POLICE DIG UP LOGAN'S COFFIN IN THE CEMETERY...

JUST AS I THOUGHT,
-- A DUMMY!



LOGAN HAS TRICKED US ALL! OUR WORK WILL HAVE TO BE DONE ALL OVER AGAIN. WELL, LET'S GET STARTED. I HAVE AN IDEA, SALLY. YOU GO OUT TO A BEAUTY PARLOR, AND --



SALLY SHORTLY RETURNS...

HERE I AM, CHIEF, A REDHEAD, JUST AS YOU ORDERED.

FINE! NOW I'LL LAY THE GROUNDWORK OF MY SCHEME --



IN A TOUGH SECTION OF TOWN...

I'M A PRIVATE DICK, BUD, I'M AFTER A REDHEADED GAL JEWEL THIEF CALLED "BOSTON BETTY". HAVE YOU SEEN ANYBODY ANSWERING THE DESCRIPTION?

NAH, GUMSHOE. AN' IF I DID I WOULDN'T TELL YOU!



LATER THAT EVENING, A REDHEAD SLIPS FURTIVELY INTO THE BAR...

WHO'S THAT DAME? NEVER SAW HER AROUND HERE BEFORE...



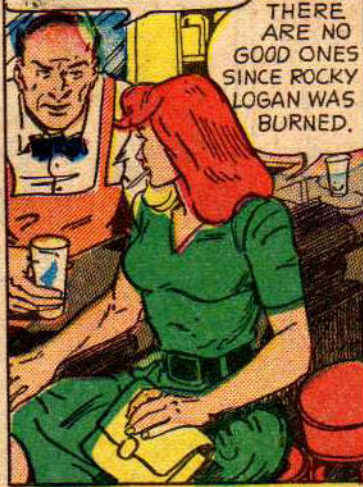
SAY, YOU LOOK LIKE A RIGHT GUY. I JUST GOT INTO TOWN. KNOW WHERE I CAN GET A QUIET ROOM WHERE I CAN HIDE OUT FOR A WHILE?

THIS DAME MUST BE THAT DIP, "BOSTON BETTY"



SURE, BUT THERE'S A MAN YOU SHOULD KNOW. YOU TWO ARE IN THE SAME LINE.

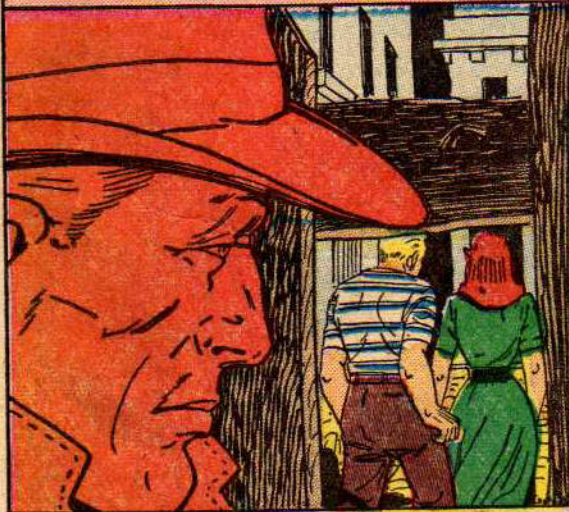
THERE ARE NO GOOD ONES SINCE ROCKY LOGAN WAS BURNED.



OH YEAH? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! HEY, PATSY, THIS IS BOSTON BETTY. TAKE HER OVER TO SEE THE BOSS.



AS SALLY IS LED THROUGH A BACK ALLEYWAY, THE CHIEF IS QUIETLY WATCHING...



THEY ENTER AN OLD HOUSE AND GO UPSTAIRS WHERE SITS ROCKY LOGAN, VERY MUCH ALIVE...

WHAT'S THIS? WHO'S THAT DAME?

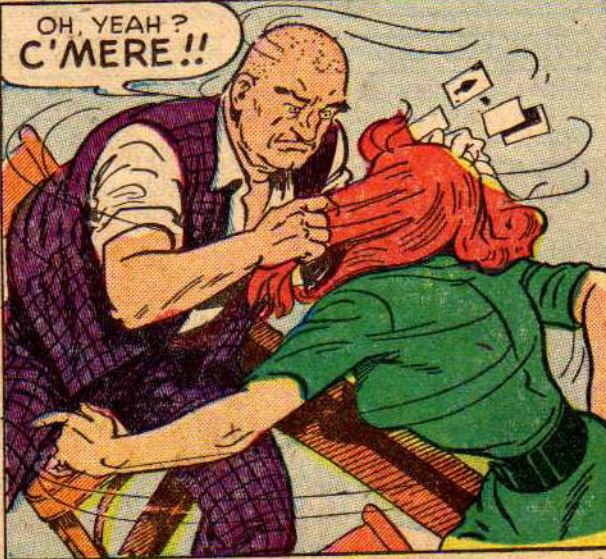
MICKY SENT HER OVER, BOSS.



ROCKY LOGAN! YOU'RE SURE SMART TO OUTFOX THE COPS. I'M "BOSTON BETTY". YOU MUST HAVE HEARD OF ME - THE SLICKEST OPERATOR WITH THE ROCKS IN THE EAST. YOUR MAN OUT FRONT FIGURED WE COULD WORK TOGETHER...



OH, YEAH? C'MERE!!



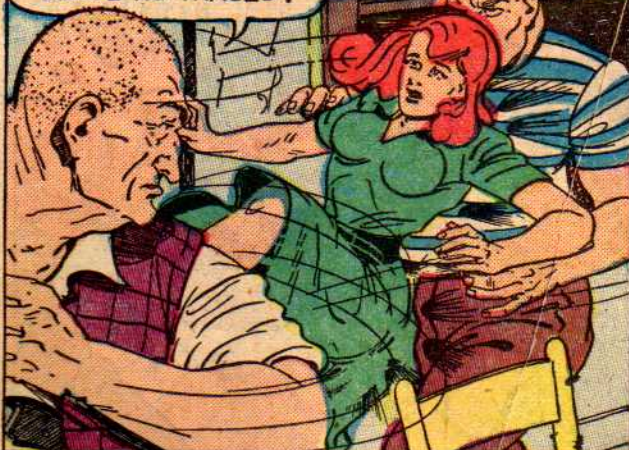
OHH!
LET ME
GO!

I NEVER MET BOSTON BETTY
BUT I DO KNOW SHE'S A
REAL REDHEAD! YOURS IS
PHONEY - I CAN SEE IT'S
BLONDE AT THE ROOTS!



YOU BROUGHT HER IN HERE,
YOU JERK! NOW YOU AND
THE BOYS GET RID OF HER.
LEAVE NO TRACES!

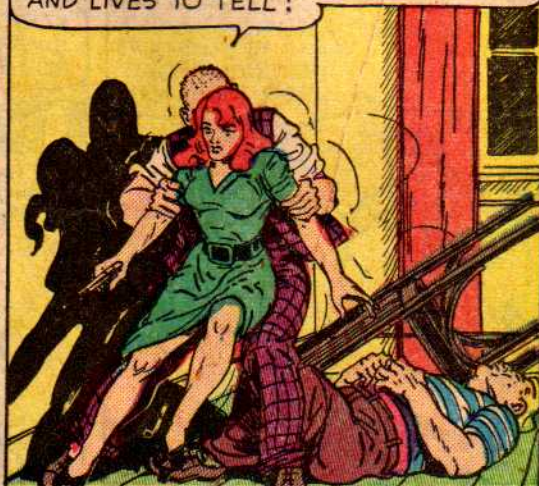
OKAY, BOSS,
-OKAY!



THE GANGSTER DRAWS HIS GUN, BUT SALLY IS
A SPLIT SECOND FASTER...

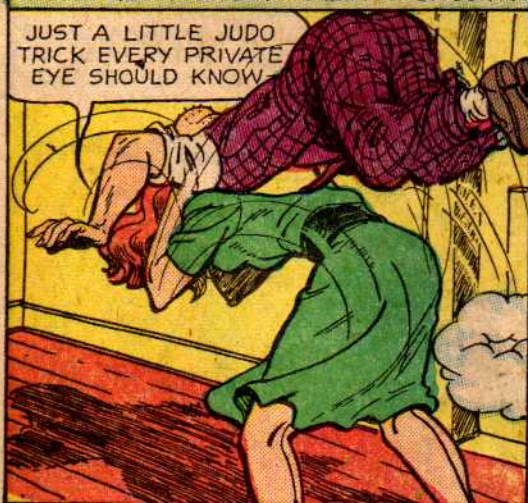


ROCKY LOGAN IS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!
NO OUTSIDER SEES ME ALIVE THESE DAYS
AND LIVES TO TELL!



SALLY CANNOT USE HER GUN, SO SHE DROPS
IT AND RESORTS TO DIFFERENT TACTICS...

JUST A LITTLE JUDO
TRICK EVERY PRIVATE
EYE SHOULD KNOW



BUT AS ROCKY HITS THE FLOOR, HE DRAWS HIS GUN
FROM A SHOULDER HOLSTER...AND HERS IS TOO FAR!

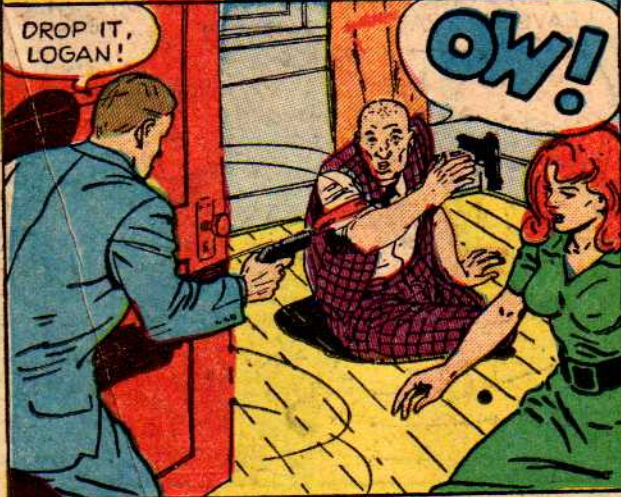
THINK YOU'RE CLEVER,
EH? I'LL SHUT YOUR
MOUTH - BUT GOOD!



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, THE CHIEF'S GUN
BLASTS FROM THE DOORWAY...

DROP IT,
LOGAN!

OW!



NOW TALK FAST
ABOUT THE HOAX
YOU PLAYED ON
THE POLICE!

OKAY - **GLUG!** - IT WAS
MY DOC - HE FIXED UP
THIS STUFF TO PUT ME
IN A TRANCE LIKE THE
HINDU FAKIRS USE WHEN
THEY ARE BURIED FOR
DAYS AT A TIME... AND
HE GAVE ME SHOTS TO
RETARD THE
ELECTRICITY.



AND THE HEARSE WAS EQUIPPED WITH
A LABORATORY WHERE YOU WERE
RESTORED TO
CONSCIOUSNESS?
INGENIOUS,
BUT USELESS

YEAH, TOO BAD I
HAD TO BUMP OFF
THE DOC, BUT HE
KNEW TOO MUCH.



MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS, THE POLICE DETAIL THAT
FOLLOWED THE CHIEF ROUNDS UP THE HOODLUM GANG...

KEEP YOUR
HANDS UP,
YOU RATS!

THAT'S ALL
OF THEM.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, PRISON GUARDS ARE
DUMBFOUNDED TO SEE LOGAN BACK IN JAIL...

WHAT TH...?!

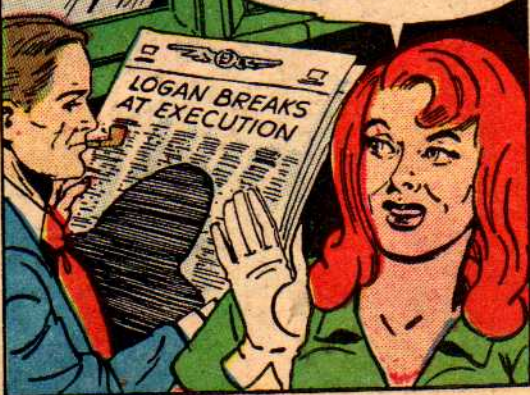
THAT GUY IS DEAD!
HOW'D HE GET
BACK IN HERE?



THE CHIEF AND SALLY FINALLY REST...

YOU SEE, SALLY,
CRIMINALS **ARE**
ARE COWARDLY.

I AGREE WITH YOU, CHIEF,
BUT RIGHT NOW, I'M GOING
OVER TO THE BEAUTY
PARLOR AND BECOME
A BLONDE AGAIN!

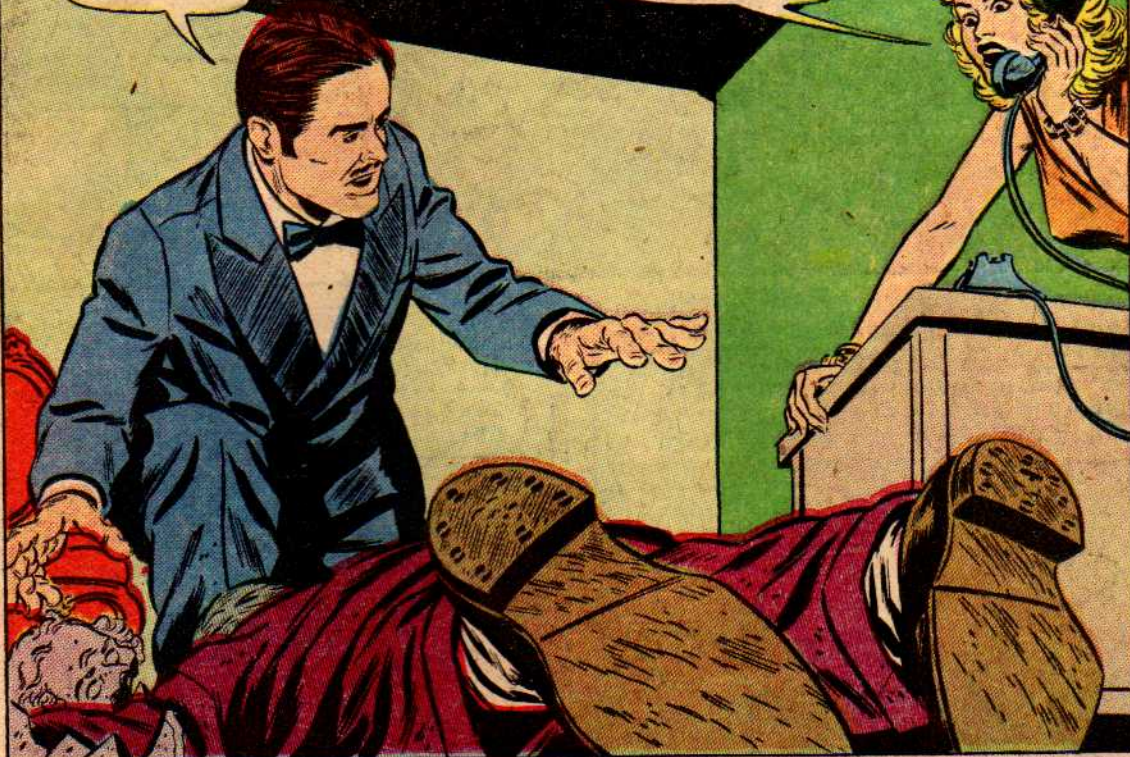


GAIL
FORD

GIRL FRIDAY-

YOUR FATHER WAS SHOT
THROUGH THE HEAD, RUTH.
HE'S DEAD!

POLICE! POLICE!... PLEASE SEND
SOMEONE AT ONCE MY FATHER HAS
BEEN MURDERED!

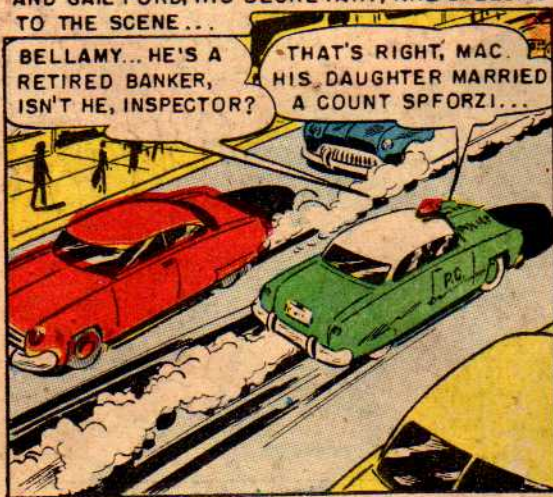


"I'LL BE WAITING UP FOR YOU IN THE LIBRARY, RUTH," PAUL BELLAMY TOLD HIS DAUGHTER WHEN SHE LEFT FOR THE THEATER WITH HER HUSBAND. AND WHEN SHE CAME HOME... SHE FOUND HIM THERE... **MURDERED**...

AND SECONDS LATER, INSPECTOR MADSON OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, MCQUADE, HIS ASSISTANT, AND GAIL FORD, HIS SECRETARY, ARE SPEEDING TO THE SCENE...

BELLAMY... HE'S A
RETIRED BANKER,
ISN'T HE, INSPECTOR?

THAT'S RIGHT, MAC.
HIS DAUGHTER MARRIED
A COUNT SPFORZI...



HE'S FROM ONE OF THOSE SMALL BALKEN COUNTRIES. YOU TAUGHT ME THERE'S ONLY TWO MOTIVES FOR MURDER, INSPECTOR, MONEY OR REVENGE. I WONDER WHICH THIS IS?



AND SOON, IN THE BELLAMY LIBRARY...

YOUR FATHER SURPRISED A THIEF AND THE MAN KILLED HIM, RUTH.

HERE'S WHERE THE MURDERER GOT IN. HE MUST'VE KNOCKED DOWN THAT BUST WHEN HE OPENED THE WINDOW.



BUT SOMEHOW, IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT... BUT, IT MUST HAVE BEEN... WHY WOULD ANYONE DELIBERATELY SMASH A STATUE?



YOUR CASE, MAC... A TOUGH ONE, AND I WISH YOU LUCK!

NOT A SINGLE CLUE TO WORK FROM. BUT WE'LL KEEP TRYING.



MAG STUDIES THE SCENE OF THE CRIME OVER AND OVER AGAIN... THEN FINALLY TURNS HIS REPORT OVER TO GAIL...

PUT THIS IN YOUR UNSOLVED FILE, GAIL. I GIVE UP!

THE BELLAMY CASE, EH, MAG? I STILL CAN'T GET THAT BROKEN HOMER BUST OUT OF MY MIND.

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU TWO!



THE SYLVESTER'S ARE GIVING A COSTUME BALL TONIGHT IN HONOR OF THEIR DAUGHTER'S ENGAGEMENT. I WANT YOU BOTH TO COVER IT.

GOOD! I'LL RENT A BALLET GOSTUME.

I'D BETTER GO AS A GLOWN... AFTER THE WAY I BUNGLED THE BELLAMY CASE!



AND THAT NIGHT...

I'LL STICK INSIDE WHERE THE PRESENTS ARE LAID OUT!

THEN I'LL CIRCULATE AND KEEP ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS...



GAIL SPENDS SEVERAL MINUTES WATCHING THE CROWD, WHEN SUDDENLY, SOMETHING CATCHES HER EYE...

OH... OH... WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE...? HE SURE LOOKS FAMILIAR!



HOMER! AND IT'S EXACTLY LIKE THE BROKEN ONE IN THE BELLAMY LIBRARY. OH WELL... I GUESS THERE'S A LOT OF THESE THINGS AROUND TOWN.



BUT AS GAIL LEAVES...

I'M SORRY... EXCUSE ME, PLEASE.

I...I GUESS I WASN'T LOOKING... SAY... HAVEN'T WE MET SOMEWHERE BEFORE?



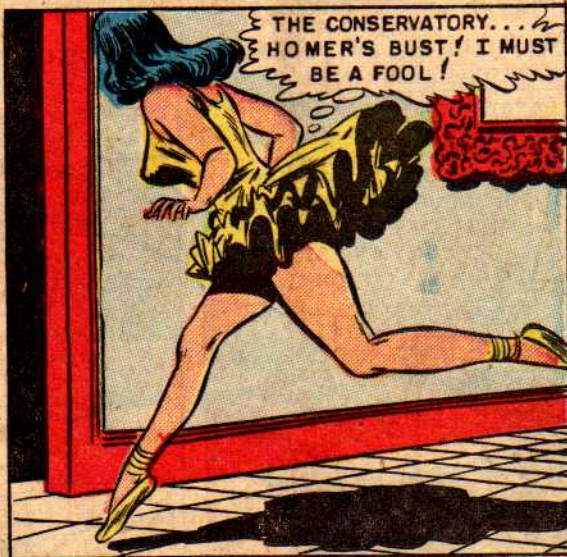
I'M SURE I HEARD HIS VOICE BEFORE... BUT PERHAPS I'M MISTAKEN.



YOU JUST MISSED MEETING OUR HOST MR. SYLVESTER, GAIL.

LISTEN! A SHOT! STAY HERE, MAC, IT MAY BE A TRICK TO GET YOU TO LEAVE THE PRESENTS UNGUARDED.

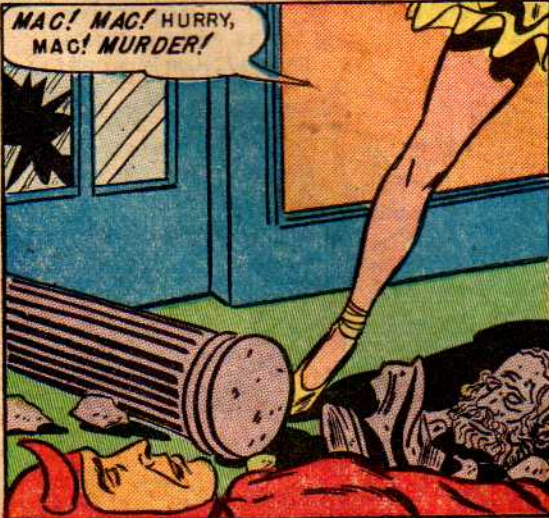
BANG!



THE CONSERVATORY... HOMER'S BUST! I MUST BE A FOOL!

SECONDS LATER, INSIDE THE CONSERVATORY...

MAC! MAC! HURRY, MAC! MURDER!



AND INSTANTLY...

KEEP BACK EVERYBODY... UNMASK AND STAY HERE IN THIS HOUSE.

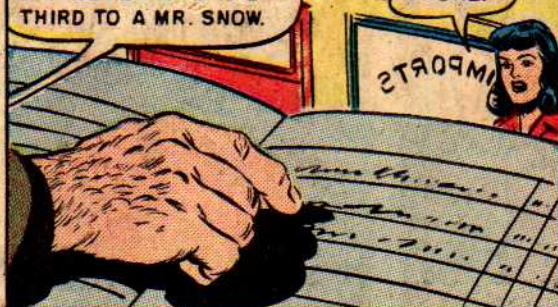
ANOTHER DEAD MAN AND ANOTHER BROKEN HOMER BUST. NOW I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



EARLY NEXT MORNING, GAIL STARTS VISITING ALL THE IMPORTERS IN TOWN... BUT IT ISN'T UNTIL LATE IN THE AFTERNOON WHEN SHE FINDS WHAT SHE'S LOOKING FOR...

HERE'S THE ENTRY, MISS FORD. WE IMPORTED THREE HOMER BUSTS... SOLD ONE TO MR. BELLAMY, ONE TO MR. SYLVESTER AND THE THIRD TO A MR. SNOW.

HURRY... WRITE DOWN MR. SNOW'S ADDRESS. I'VE GOT TO USE YOUR PHONE.



MAC... MEET ME IN FRONT OF THE LIBRARY AT ONCE... AND DON'T SPARE THE GAS... SO LONG!

AND SOON MAC AND GAIL ARE SPEEDING ALONG THE PARKWAY.

SANDY POINT'S DOWN THE COAST, GAIL. COME ON... GIVE!

A MR. SNOW LIVES THERE... HE BOUGHT A HOMER BUST JUST LIKE THE ONES BELLAMY AND SYLVESTER HAD. STEP ON IT, MAC!



AN HOUR LATER...

THAT'S THE PLACE, MAC... AND THERE'S A BOAT LANDING AT THE DOCK. HURRY, MAC!



THERE'S THE MURDERER, MAC. HE CAME BY WATER, PARK HERE!

WHOEVER HE IS, WE'LL GET HIM! LOOK!



AT THE DOCK...

HE'S HERE, I KNOW HE IS...



RUTH SPFORZI... BELLAMY'S DAUGHTER!

WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE FAST OR THERE'LL BE ANOTHER MURDER!



BUT AS THEY NEAR THE HOUSE
...SHOTS AND SCREAMS RING
OUT...



DEAD... I
WAS TOO
LATE!



YOU FOOLS! I CAME HERE TO
STOP THIS MURDER... THE
KILLER IS GETTING AWAY...
CATCH HIM!



HE'LL GET AWAY...
I'VE GOT TO
CHANCE IT!

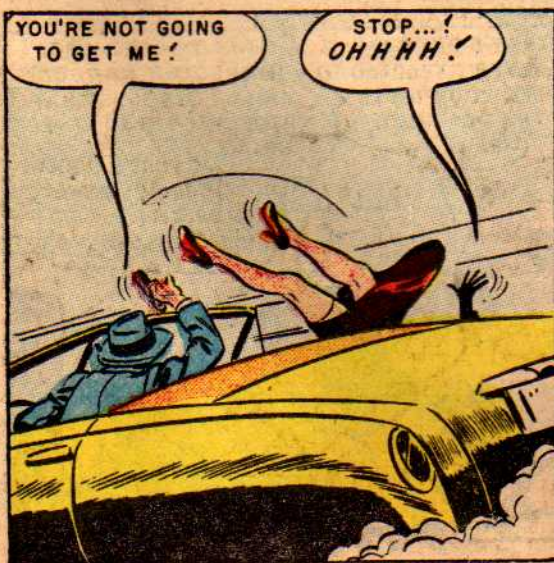


SO GAIL JUMPS...



YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO GET ME!

STOP...!
OH HHHH!



BUT AS GAIL IS HURLED FROM THE CAR, THE
DRIVER LOSES CONTROL, AND...





MAC! MAC! THIS WAY... HURRY!



AND SECONDS LATER...
YOU... YOU ARE COUNT SPFORZI
... RUTH'S HUSBAND!

YES... AND I KILLED THE
THREE MEN... BUT NO
ONE WILL EVER KNOW
WHY... AAARGH!



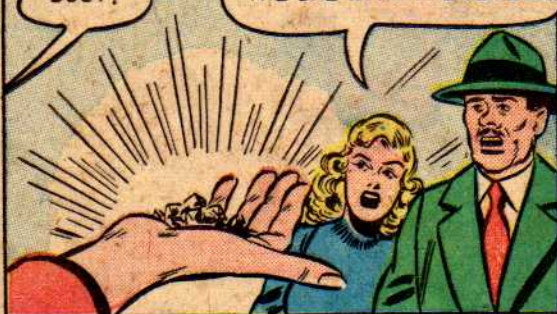
BUT LATER, IN THE LIBRARY...
THE SECRET HAS GOT TO BE IN
THIS BUST... IT'S THE LAST OF
THE THREE.

THAT'S RIGHT... THAT'S
WHAT THE LETTER
SAID.

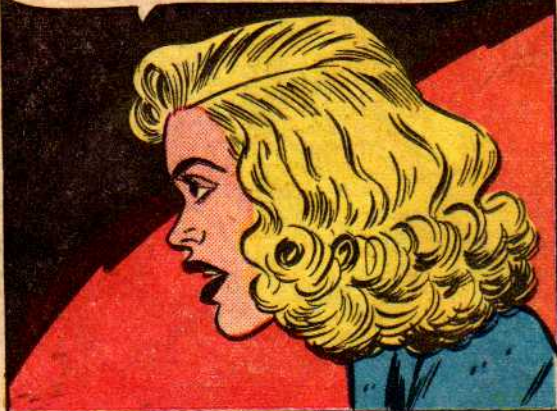
AND AMONG THE FRAGMENTS GAIL FINDS A
PACKET...

THESE ARE WHAT
HE WAS AFTER... THE
REASON HE KILLED
THOSE THREE MEN.
BUT HOW DID THEY
GET INSIDE THE
BUST?

I CAN TELL YOU... I
FOUND A LETTER MY
HUSBAND RECEIVED. A
FRIEND OF HIS LIVES IN
ROUMANIA PUT THEM THERE
WHEN THE PLASTER WAS SOFT.
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO MARK
THE ONE WITH THE JEWELS...



BUT SOMEHOW HE MISSED UP... AND WHEN THE
BUSTS ARRIVED THEY WERE SOLD BEFORE
ADRIAN COULD BUY THEM. SO HE TRACED ALL
THREE... AND KILLED THE OWNERS WHEN HE
WAS CAUGHT TRYING TO BREAK THEM.



AND WHEN I FOUND THE LETTER, I REALIZED
HE HAD GONE HOME AND KILLED FATHER DURING
THE INTERMISSION AT THE THEATER. I CAME
HERE TO KILL HIM WHEN I LEARNED MR. SNOW
HAD THE THIRD BUST.



AND LATER, IN INSPECTOR MADSON'S OFFICE...

THAT'S ONE CASE I
NEVER EXPECTED TO
SEE YOU FILE IN
THAT CABINET,
GAIL.

DON'T FORGET, MAC,
INSPECTOR MADSON'S
FIRST LESSON IS THAT
THERE NEVER IS A PERFECT
CRIME.

THAT'S RIGHT...
JUSTICE WILL ALWAYS
CATCH UP WITH A CRIMI-
NAL... ALWAYS!



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NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME TO BE ENGRAVED _____

**CLIP
AND MAIL
COUPON
NOW**

(From Page 1)

STUCK WITH MURDER

"HONEY, will you stop and get me a pack of cigarettes? I'm all out and I'm dying for a smoke."

I glanced in the direction of the girl beside me and brought the car to a stop near a drug store, which was across the street. "Sure, Baby," I grinned. "What'll you have?"

"Happy Hits." The voice was soft, warm.

I edged out of the seat and walked toward the shop. What a lucky stiff I am. As a private detective I had met all sorts of women in my work, but nowhere had I ever run across a girl like Marilyn. And the funny part about it was that she had been under my nose all the time.

She was a waitress in a small cafe near my office. I had just finished a job of tagging after a Park Avenue lothario, whose wife wanted to pin a divorce on his dinner jacket. Incidentally, of course, she was after a deep cut into his wallet. I didn't like those kinds of cases, but you gotta eat. I was tired and needed some relaxation. I dropped into the cafe for a cup of coffee, and there she was. Blonde, big innocent grey eyes and more freckles than all the kids in Kansas combined. Kansas was her home and she had a soft, leisurely drawl.

I sighed as I opened the door of the store. She was new, fresh and inspiring.

Something cracked against the side of my head. Everything turned red, and dazzling lights danced before my eyes. I felt another blow, and blacked out.

It seemed as if in the next second my head began to throb like an electric drill. Slowly, I opened my eyes and looked into the pink, round face of none other than Sergeant Ellwyn P. O'Hara of Homicide.

"All right, Wilder," he growled. "Snap out of it."

I blew air, hot and loud. The fathead. I get flattened like an iron and he wants me to do a jig. "Shut up," I mumbled, "and leave me alone."

He grabbed me by the lapel and heaved me on my feet. I felt like the roof had caved in. "For Pete's sake," I yelled, "take your hands off me. What do you think I am, a sack of potatoes?"

O'Hara grunted and, by way of answer, gently hurled me into a chair. A uniformed cop handed me a glass of water.

"I could do better with a slug of rye," I grumbled as I down the tumbler.

"All right, wise guy, let's have it." His voice clicked like a typewriter. "Is your business so bad that you have to bump off a drug store

hackney, or did you just want some small change?"

I blinked my eyes. The static in my head hadn't cleared, and it seemed like the whole Atlantic Ocean was roaring in my ears.

"What are you driving at, O'Hara?" I asked. "I came in for some cigarettes."

He laughed loudly. "That's the most innocent thing I've heard in fifteen minutes. Take a look around, Junior."

I straightened up. The place was neat and orderly. Nothing was disturbed—except the small safe behind the drug counter. It was wide open and quite empty. I noticed a trickle of blood that edged into a pool. I rubbed my head. Not mine—it felt like a huge pumpkin.

"Over here, Sonny Boy." O'Hara's voice was beginning to annoy me. He pointed to a crumpled figure of an old man. His voice droned on:

"The safe is empty. The old guy is dead, and this—" he shoved a gun, partially covered with a handkerchief, under my nose—"this was found clenched tightly in your dainty hand."

"Gimme an aspirin," I said wearily. "I got a headache." I still wasn't fully aware of what had happened.

"Quit stalling, Wilder." O'Hara never raised his voice. "This is open and shut . . ."

"O.K.—O.K." I interrupted, throwing up my hands. "I get the old coot to open the safe, bump him off. And just to make things easy for you, I tap myself on the head, not once, but twice."

O'Hara glared at me, his small eyes burning. But he didn't say a word.

"Get wise, O'Hara," I continued. "The gun isn't mine. I never carry one unless I am on a job."

"And what do you call this?" He leaned close to me. "The gun can be traced. This is a murder rap." The last he said slowly, letting each word sink in. I began to realize what a spot I was in!

An ambulance howled up and a police doctor, without saying a word to anyone, strode over to the body and leaned over it. I finally woke up. This isn't a game O'Hara's playing. I am on the tail end of a beautiful frame.

The doctor straightened up, walked over to O'Hara and mumbled a few words to him. O'Hara turned to me: "Well, he isn't quite dead yet. He may be able to identify you."

My head hurt and I didn't feel like arguing. O'Hara didn't have it in for private detectives like many policemen. But like too many of

them he had got into a rut and couldn't see any farther than the nearest suspect.

He straddled a chair, resting his chin on an arm. "I suppose you're going to stick to the cigarette story."

I said nothing.

"Naturally, you have an alibi," he purred on.

"Naturally," I replied. "There was a girl with me in my car."

O'Hara looked closely at me for an instant. Without batting an eye, he said: "Get set for a shock, Sonny Boy. There's nobody outside."

I sprang out of my chair. Except for police cars, the street was empty. I didn't get it. Marilyn seemed so nice and not the type to pull out like that.

O'Hara laid a hand on my shoulder. "All right, Wilder, let's go. I'm holding you for—"

"Never mind the oratory," I interjected. I was in as deep a fog as ever with that bump on my head. This was one sweet mess, I realized.

I turned to O'Hara. "Now listen! There was a girl with me, I tell you. In my car. She was right across the street. Maybe the thug who pulled this job grabbed her, too. Trace the car and you've got your man."

I could see he wasn't impressed. He looked at me for a moment and then said softly: "OK, Sonny, we'll check for you." He shoved me into the nearest prowler car. "Right now, you are my guest."

In a few minutes I was getting the works at the local precinct. But I stuck doggedly to my story. The boys finally let up and let me get some sleep.

The next day one of my few grateful clients posted my bail. The police had checked for my car. It had disappeared into thin air. As for the gun, it was as I had suspected—it could not be traced. I stopped by my office for my own gun. This job was pulled by one of a thousand small-time operators. He would be as easy to find as a submerged sub in the middle of the Pacific.

Just as I was about to leave, the phone rang. I picked up the receiver, and a familiar voice came over the wire.

"Is that you, Steve?" It was Marilyn.

"Well, what happened to you last night?" I growled.

Her voice sounded anxious. "After you went into the drug store last night, I saw a man walk out. I waited for a few minutes and then somebody else went in. He ran right out again and in a few minutes I heard the police."

"Well," she continued, "I was afraid. I didn't want to get into any trouble, so I left."

She started to cry: "I know . . . I know. I'm terribly sorry. I didn't know what to do. I was so scared."

"Sure, sure, Baby. Forget it for now. What did you do with my car?"

"Your car?" she queried back at me. "Oh, yes! I parked it around the corner from the drug store."

"You what?" I was incredulous.

"Yes," she said. "I thought you might need it. I took a cab home."

I never laughed so hard in all my life. The police dragged the entire city of New York, and there was the car right under O'Hara's nose. I promised myself never to let the thick-headed cop forget it.

"What's the matter, Steve?" Marilyn sounded worried. "Are you all right?"

"Sure, Honey, sure," I said. "I'll tell you all about it some other time."

After I hung up I sobered up. Things were still bad—pretty bad. After getting my own car, I headed for the East Side. I reached for a cigarette. Nuts! I had left them in another suit. I stopped near a small bar. The Third Avenue El rattled above me as I entered. I got a beer and then ambled over to the cigarette machine. Sitting close to it was a neatly dressed man of about 40. I pushed the lever of the machine. The man turned. His eyes flew up in surprise. Yanking a gun from his hip pocket, he sent a slug past me crashing into the machine, and ran out into the street.

He must have been the guy who had pulled that job the night before and had recognized me. I pulled out my gun and dashed after him. I spotted him running across the street. The walks were crowded and I didn't dare shoot. Some one screamed. I ran into the middle of the street and plunged through the crowd that had begun to collect. The fool had run into the path of a truck. I sped up to him and grabbed his gun. He was only dazed.

"O.K., punk," I said, grabbing him, "get up!"

I glanced at the truck. On one side there was a large placard with a picture that bore these familiar words:

SMOKE HAPPY HITS FOR A HAPPY SMOKE

Well, to make a long story short, the old guy identified him as the hold-up man, and I became the recipient of the city's apologies in the person of none other than Sergeant Ellwyn P. O'Hara of Homicide.

After that ordeal I really needed some relaxation. This time I called on another doll. She was slick, worked in a small night club and a brunette. Soon we're heading for the open country. The night air is sweet and good. This babe turns to me and says:

"Darling, I'm all out of cigarettes. Will you stop and get me a pack of Happy Hits?"

I almost lost control of the car.

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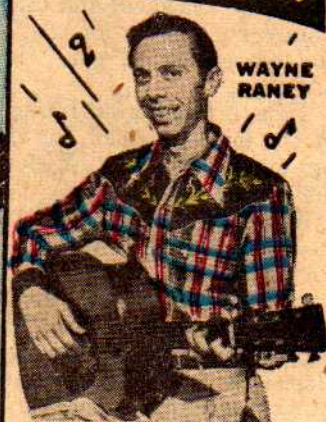
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ RFD _____ BOX _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

RAY HALE MURDER AT FIRST BASE

RAY HALE, AGE REPORTER AND SPORTS WRITER FOR THE "MIDVALE CLARION," IS CONGRATULATED BY HIS BOSS, LARRY DOYLE, OWNER AND EDITOR OF THE PAPER, FOR HIS BRILLIANT BEHIND-THE-SCENES BASEBALL SAVVY IN DEVELOPING THE MIDVALE "SINNERS" INTO A POTENTIAL PENNANT WINNER. VICTORY THIS AFTERNOON, IN THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON, WILL BRING THE COVETED FLAG TO MIDVALE.

GREAT WORK, HALE. I WAS CERTAIN WHEN I BOUGHT CONTROL OF THE "SINNERS" THAT YOU WOULD BRING 'EM OUT CLOSE TO THE TOP.

TAKE YOUR OWN BOW, BOSS. THAT CHUNK OF MONEY YOU ADVANCED TO BUY DICK MANNERS WAS THE KEY TO OUR SUCCESS. DICK'S THE BEST FIRST BASEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

BANG!

AND THEN EXCITEMENT BREAKS LOOSE IN THE "CLARION" OFFICE AS DICK MANNERS RUSHES IN...

THIS LETTER WARNS ME NOT TO PLAY THIS AFTERNOON. IF I DO, I'LL BE KILLED. I'M NOT SCARED, BUT I SURE AM MAD!

LET ME SEE THAT LETTER.

I'LL CALL THE COPS!

RAY ARRANGES POLICE PROTECTION FOR HIS STAR PLAYER. WAIT IN MY OFFICE UNTIL THE COPS COME, DICK. PERHAPS YOU PLAY THIS AFTERNOON, AND PERHAPS YOU DON'T.

LISTEN, CHUM, THEY CAN'T SCARE ME OUT OF THE GAME.

THIS WARNING MAY BE THE WORK OF A HARMLESS CRANK. ON THE OTHER HAND, WE HAVE GAMBLERS IN THIS CITY WHO WOULDN'T STOP AT MURDER TO WIN BIG MONEY. RAY, I'LL LEAVE THE FINAL DECISION TO YOU.

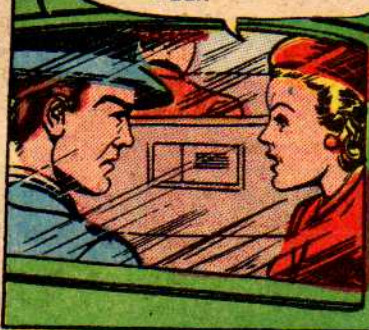
ONLY TWO HOURS TO GAME TIME,
RAY DELVES INTO THE UNDER-
WORLD FOR INFORMATION...



RAY HAS UNEXPECTED COMPANY...

LADY, I'M IN A HURRY. CAN'T
YOU FIND ANOTHER CAB?

I NEED YOUR HELP,
MR. HALE. I'M ENGAGED
TO MARRY DICK MANNERS
WE BOTH NEED YOUR
HELP.



RAY LISTENS TO THE GIRL'S
STORY, HOPING TO LEARN SOME-
THING THAT WILL HELP SOLVE
THE MYSTERY...

DICK'S BEEN GAMBLING. HE'S
LOST A LARGE SUM OF MONEY
TO CAL LARUE. HE CAN'T MAKE
GOOD THE DEBT.

LARUE'S JOINT IS THE
SCUMMIEST DIVE IN
MIDVALE.



DICK IS REALLY A SWEET, INNOCENT CHILD. YOU
ARE A MAN OF THE WORLD. IF YOU WILL SEE
LA RUE, AND PROMISE HIM THAT DICK WILL MAKE
GOOD HIS GAMBLING DEBT FROM HIS SALARY NEXT
SUMMER, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

OF ALL THE DARN FOOLS. SOME
GUYS NEVER GROW UP. DROP ME
HERE. I KNOW WHERE TO FIND
LA RUE. MEET ME AT DICK'S HOTEL.



RAY FINDS THE BOSS GAMBLER IN THE BACK ROOM
OF HIS CROOKED JOINT...

IF THERE'S ONE THING
I HATE, IT'S THESE CHEAP
CROOKS WHO TRY TO
MUSCLE INTO LEGITIMATE
SPORTS.



WHAT'S NEW, WISE GUY? WANNA LAY A
FEW FISH ON MIDVALE?

LAY OFF DICK MANNERS,
CAL. YOU MAY HAVE HIM IN
A JAM, BUT TRY AND
SLOW UP HIS GAME,
AND I'LL RUN YOU
OUT OF TOWN.



TOUGH CAL LARUE SHOWS FIGHT...



RAY IS KNOCKED OUT AND LOCKED IN A BACK ROOM



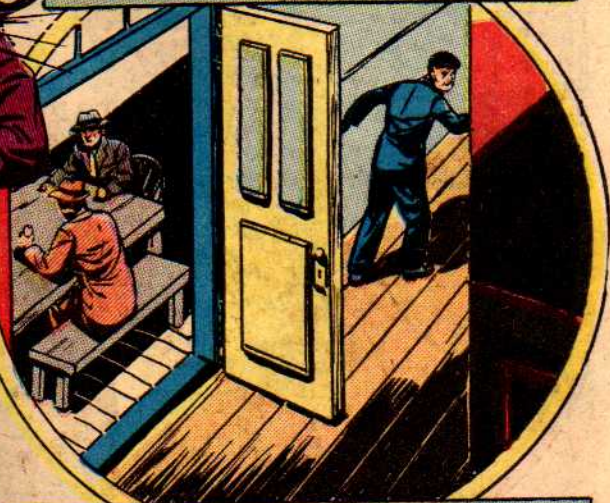
OW! MY NOGGIN!
THAT RAT SAPPED ME
-- BUT GOOD!!

THE BRUTAL BODYGUARD RETURNS TO CHECK ON RAY, WHO PRETENDS TO BE UNCONSCIOUS...



THE RUSE IS
SUCCESSFUL...

RAY MOVES WITH GREAT CAUTION, KNOWING THE FILTHY PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH THUGS.



LUCK HOLDS, AND RAY REACHES THE SAFETY OF THE STREET...



POLICE HEADQUARTERS
-- QUICK!

EVENING CLARION
RIVAL MOBS TO INFLUENCE
CRUCIAL MIDVALE GAME
DICK MANNERS
THREATENED
DEATH IF HE PLAYS

RAY IS SURPRISED TO FIND DICK'S SWEETHEART CLOSETED WITH CHIEF OF POLICE STEVENS...

HELLO, HALE. I'VE BEEN ASSURING THIS LITTLE LITTLE LADY THAT EVERYTHING'LL BE DONE TO PROTECT MANNERS.

DICK IS SO FOOLISH AND BRAVE TO INSIST ON PLAYING.

I'M GOING TO HIS HOTEL NOW. I PROMISE YOU I'LL NOT LEAVE HIS SIDE UNTIL AFTER THE GAME.



RAY RUSHES TO DICK'S HOTEL, NOT CERTAIN IN HIS MIND THAT HE WILL ALLOW DICK TO PLAY.



RAY ENTERS THE ROOM AND HIS HEART STOPS... DICK HAS DISAPPEARED...



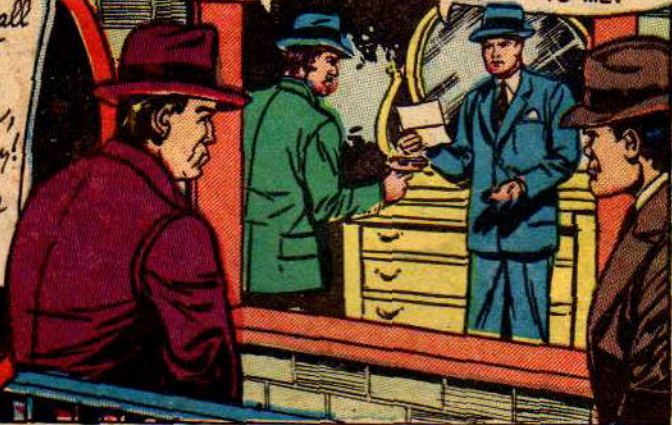
RAY READS THE NOTE LEFT BY DICK...

*To Party Concerned -
I left this room of my own free will. I'm on my way to the ball park - I intend to play this afternoon, come what may!
Dick Manners*

RAY FINDS HE IS NOT ALONE IN THE ROOM..

GIVE ME THAT LETTER.

WITH PLEASURE. IT MEANS MORE TO YOU THAN IT DOES TO ME.



GONNA' PLAY, EH? I'D BEAT YOUR BRAINS OUT, BUT YOU AIN'T GOT NO BRAINS.

THE WHOLE THING'S SCREWY. I'M GOING OUT THAT DOOR. HOW ABOUT YOU?



RAY MAKES GOOD HIS BLUFF..

I SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT WHEN I WENT IN THE ROOM.



RAY RUSHES TO THE BALL PARK, HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT NO HARM HAS COME TO DICK. REACHING THE ENTRANCE TO THE LOCKER ROOMS, HE IS AMAZED AT WHAT HE SEES...

GET TO YOUR SEATS, YOU BUMS. YOU'LL BE WATCHED EVERY SECOND. LIFT A WRONG FINGER AND YOU'LL BE CARRIED OUT FEET FIRST.

ROSE SEES RAY AND HURRIES TO HIS SIDE...

OH, MR. HALE, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE. THOSE TERRIBLE MEN--WHY DO THEY ALLOW THEM IN THE PARK?

JOIN YOUR PARTY AND DON'T WORRY. REMEMBER, I WANT THE FIRST DANCE AT YOUR WEDDING.

DO YOU SUPPOSE I COULD SEEDICK? JUST FOR A MOMENT.

NO--RUN ALONG TO YOUR SEAT. AFTER THE GAME WE'LL ALL CELEBRATE WITH A VICTORY DINNER.

RAY HURRIES TO JOIN DICK IN THE LOCKER ROOM...

WHAT GOES ON HERE?

THESE THINGS HAVE STOPPED MANY A BULLET.

IF I'M SHOT, IT'LL BE RIGHT THROUGH MY EMPTY HEAD.

THE STANDS ARE TENSE WITH EXCITEMENT. THE UMPIRE YELLS, "PLAY BALL," AND THE KILLER STRIKES...

BANG



A SECOND SHOT RINGS OUT



HALE RUNS TO THE GIRL IN THE STANDS



THE BULLET-PROOF VEST SAVED DICK'S LIFE

SHE KILLED HERSELF. HALE. SHE HAS A NOTE IN HER HAND.

YEAH. YOU ALL RIGHT, DICK?

AS WELL AS COULD BE EXPECTED.



"I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT HIS LOVE IN THIS LIFE. FORGIVE ME FOR TAKING HIM WITH ME INTO THE NEXT WORLD."

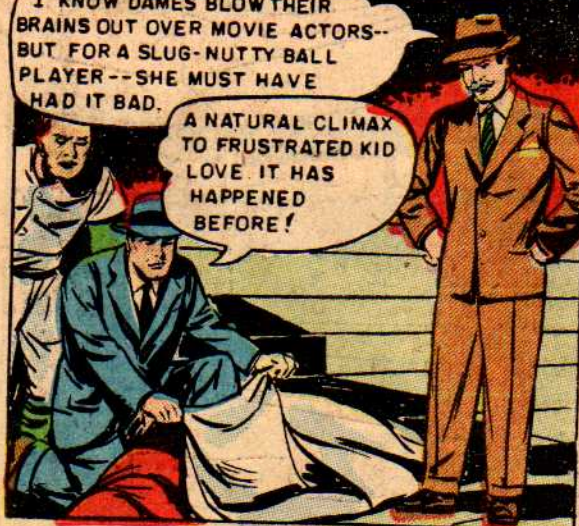
DICK, SHE TOLD ME YOU WERE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED

AS GOD IS MY JUDGE, I NEVER SAW THIS GIRL BEFORE IN MY LIFE.



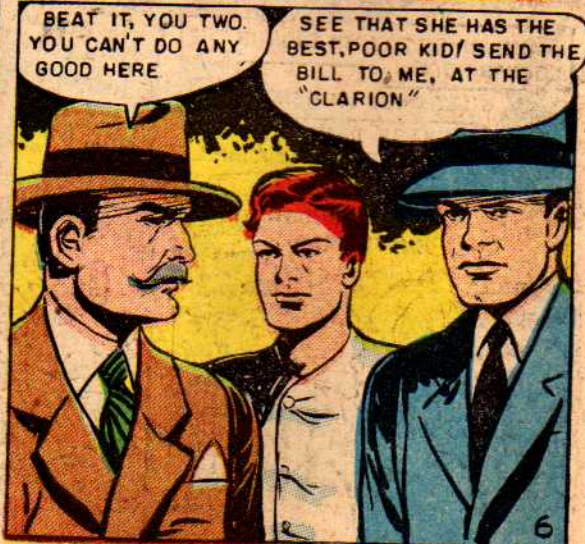
I KNOW DAMES BLOW THEIR BRAINS OUT OVER MOVIE ACTORS-- BUT FOR A SLUG-NUTTY BALL PLAYER-- SHE MUST HAVE HAD IT BAD.

A NATURAL CLIMAX TO FRUSTRATED KID LOVE. IT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE!



BEAT IT, YOU TWO. YOU CAN'T DO ANY GOOD HERE

SEE THAT SHE HAS THE BEST. POOR KID! SEND THE BILL TO ME, AT THE "CLARION"





I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for
Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

2 FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON

I TRAINED THESE MEN



LOST JOB, NOW HAS OWN SHOP

"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. T. State, Corsicana, Texas.

GOOD JOB WITH STATION

"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here . . . more work than we can handle."—J. H. Bangley, Suffolk, Va.



\$10 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME

"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios . . . averaged \$10 to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

SWITCHED TO TV SERVICING

"I recently switched over from studio work and am now holding a position as service technician. I am still with RCA, enjoying my work more and more every day."—N. Ward, Ridgefield, N.J.



WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.



You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3CP1, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 59th Year.



Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

Good for Both—FREE

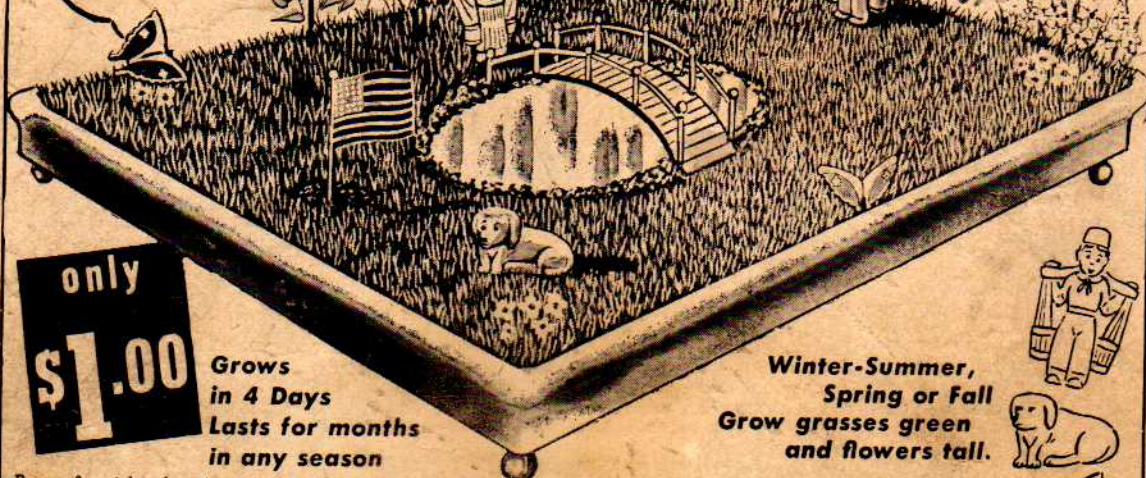
Mr. J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 3CP1
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Approved under G.I. Bill

The ABC's of
SERVICING

How to Be a
Success
in RADIO-
TELEVISION

Magic Dutch Rock Garden Grows in 4 DAYS



only
\$1.00

**Grows
in 4 Days
Lasts for months
in any season**

**Winter-Summer,
Spring or Fall
Grow grasses green
and flowers tall.**

Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

Over a hundred square inches of garden — Special wishing pool in the center — An American flag and pole — Two attractive butterflies that look like they're flying — Your own container. Just look at the list!

EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items —you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil. Lovely flower seeds . . . Practical, attractive container . . . Bright colored metal butterflies. Little Dutch boy and girl . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes . . . simulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog . . . Many other exciting features.

magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

For Boys and Girls of All Ages

Here's a beautiful garden all your own for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun. You'll surprise your family and friends with what you know and what you can do!

10 Day Trial FREE

If you are not 100% delighted with this Garden just send it back. We will refund the full purchase price at once. Rush Coupon now!

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. 844
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman \$1 plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for my garden. You pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

